

*Dem.* You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood;  
I am not guilty of *Lysander's* blood,  
Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.

*Her.* I pray thee, tell me then, that he is well.

*Dem.* And if I could, what should I get therefore?

*Her.* A privilege, never to see me more;  
And from thy hated presence part I so:  
See me no more, whether he's dead or no.

[*Exit.*

*Dem.* There is no following her in this fierce vein;  
Here therefore for a while I will remain:  
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow  
For debt, that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe,  
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,  
If for his tender here I make some stay.

[*Lyes down.*

## S C E N E VI.

*Ob.* What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,  
And lay'd thy love-juice on some true love's sight:  
Of thy misprision must, perforce, ensue  
Some true love turn'd false, not a false turn'd true.

*Puck.* Then fate o'er-rules; for one man holding troth  
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

*Ob.* About the wood go swifter than the wind,  
And *Helena* of *Athens* see thou find.  
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer,  
With sighs of love that cost the fresh blood dear;  
By some illusion see thou bring her here;  
I'll charm his eyes against she doth appear.

*Puck.* I go, I go; look, master, how I go;  
Swifter than arrow from the *Tartar's* bow.

[*Exit.*

*Ob.* Flower of this purple dye, [*Anoints Demetrius's eyes.*  
Hit with *Cupid's* archery,  
Sink in apple of his eye!  
When his love he doth espy,  
Let her shine as gloriously

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